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Chapter I.

The birth of Ho-Tak-Shan

We connect events in history with dates, and we connect dates with important events. The event of the invasion of England by William the Conqueror 1066 is one every school boy knows by heart. From it he learns the Curfew bells and the Domesday Book, which shewed him how England was divided into Counties and Shires presided over by a ~~Ba~~ Baron, and how the Norman Nobles oppressed the Saxon people, until they in turn rebelled and chose as their leader Robin Hood. Eventually King John was forced to sign the Magna Charta at Runnemede in 1147.

This ~~Gent~~ event sewed the seed of Democracy and freedo

of speech and liberty of thought in the ~~human~~ breast! heart of the English people

This was subsequently challenged by Phillip of Spain and later by Louis XI the Eleventh of France, but only served to make England stronger and establish her might as a Maritime Power, until she literally rules the waves. The last attempt of living memory was made by Napoleon Bounapart, the Emperor of the French. His fate as Conqueror of Europe ended in an exile in St Helena!

Yet despite the teaching of history, this upstart of a German Corporal Adolf Hitler, magnetized the German nation under the name of Nazism, that they in September 1939, began their conquest of Great Britain and France, but of all this, much will be read anon.

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It was on the morning of the 7th October I865,a temptuos night in the Island of Hong Kong that Ho-Ta-Shan first saw the light of day-- exactly IOO years ago when Napoleon on the Island of Ajaccio was born. It was recorded that the seas rose high,the beach was scarred,and the earthquake shook the little fishing town. Strange it may seem the subject of our book was named literally"The Great Mountain fought" (Ho-Ta-Shan) for convience we shall drop the family name of Ho and call him Ta-Shan. The midwife related that the baby was cheekie and greedy "Tsz tsz shik yei" (always eating).

Ta-Shan could not contradict his nurse,except by kicking her vigorously on the shin!

The first two years of childhood would have been uneventful only nurse was flirting with a young man on the stairs and Ta Shan crawled over the bannisters and fell seven steps to the basement.

Ta-Shan distinctly remembered the sight of blood and his little head of fair curls were matted in gore. Nurse immediately jumped down and put the little chap to her breast murmuring a prayer that the number of steps was seven-a very lucky number,otherwise he would have been killed. Seven is a lucky number in the East.

At the ag e of three Ta-Shan was wheeled out in a perambulator,sometimes to the sea front (the Praya) and sometimes half way to the Peak overlooking the beautiful harbour. Almost in front of ou

house,was the Recreation Ground(Tai -tat -tai). It was my greatest de-
-light to watch the many games of skill in progress. First shuttle cock.
It was like Babmington,only there were no rackets ,the
shuttle cock kept in motion by the side of the instep,and there were
six players on each side.One game consists of twenty one points.

The best out of five sets,and there were good prizes for t
the winners.

The next game of skill was bowls,again different from the
European bowl on the smooth grass sward. The Chinese game was twenty
one yards of dead level hard ground. At the end was dug a hole I8inch
in diameter,and each player put in one penny in the hole. The ball
was of solid steel I8inches in diameter. The foot was used as striker
The first ball very likely finds the hole,but it does not win,because
the next player knocks it out and usurps the hole. Every player has
a set of six balls. The skill is to lay stymies and eventually places
your ball nearest to the pot. The foot puts on the bias,all balls bein
cylindrical. and weigh thirty pounds a piece.

When summer comes and the birds came on my window sil
chirping and chirp until I awake and say good morning. Then the
great red ball of the sum also peeps above the sea's face to say mornin
then the birds flap their wings and screech,until they wake the sea gu
gulls. It is good to have a fine day and to receive so many visitors

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Chapter I.

The Birth of Ho-Ta-Shan.

The Recreation Ground teems with life. Cricket ~~teams~~ matches a gloire. Though the game of cricket took its birth in England , The East provided a Rajisinji and a Don Bradman.

The Royal and Ancient game of Golf had its native heath in St Andrews ;the Americans took it up heart and soul and produced a Bobby Jones.

As a boy Ta-Shan watched these games and pondered over ~~th~~ them,and wondered what sort of a living awaits him. He said to himself All these feats of strong are too much hard work for me,~~except~~ except as a hobby.I want something easier, I think I shall be a story teller"

Alas! sad to relate,he did tell some tall stories in his ~~li~~ life. The years rolled by and Ta-Shan at the age of six was sent to a Chinese School,quite a mile away! He rose with the larks wet or fine He loved his school mates and loved to share their lunches,but he often stole them and then had to bear the punishment of the cane,of which the school master kept a dozen. The school master wore horn rimmed glasses He was tall and looked stern. But Ta-Shan thought ahead of the school master. He went to the shrubs on the hill side and secreted a dozen borers and put one up the centre of each cane and filled the ends up with putty. The day arrived when Ta-Shan was told to hold out his hand

The master stood on his toes to gain leverage and applied the

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Chapter I.

The Birth of Ho-Ta-Shan.

cane,which to his surprise and to the amazement of the whole school and to the bland smile of Ta-Shan,went to pieces,some small bits through the large window panes! The master applied t a fresh cane with similar results,until the whole dozen were exhausted!

He scratehed his red head with one hand whilst with the other he rubbed the seat of his pants,a most undignified proceeding.

Then he said "I know the climate on this hill is very dry. I shall soak the canes in the pond in future".

The soaked canes went the way the others did and he was puzzled and announced to the school that he was going to remove the school which belonged to his great gandfather and he wept!

Wait for three days"said Ta-Shan "I'll tell you the secret of the canes".

Three days went by and Ta-Shan told the School in the pre--sence of the school master."I am leaving the school to-day. The mess-age of the canes is that they do not believe in caning boys and refuse to hit them rather they break themselves to pieces!

You see it is better to talk to the boys quietly when they have done wrong and they will listen and love their master for it.

More can be done through love than through the cane.

Good-bye all!

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Chapter II.

Ulysses Grant ~~The Birth of Ho Fe Shan.~~

The change from a Chinese School to an English School was a very im- my name was changed into Walter Rosman
portant period in my life. I was no longer naughty, but serious, I resolved to reach to the top of the School in the shortest possible ~~ti~~ time, and devoted myself to both studies and games night and day.

In the evenings I collected all the boys and addressed them. I said "Comrades (the first time I used that word) We of Flower street send a challenge to fight the boys of Gale Street on the evening of the 4th July at 80'clock sharp." Carried unanimously.

I never saw such extensive illuminations. Queen Victoria twenty feet in height carrying the Mace. Then the Battle of Trafalgar from Brocks, but we boys fought as we never fought, until some one in in the crowd shouted England expects that this day every man shall do his duty! I took it that he was exhorting us, never for a moment did we imagine that he was reading the firework message. Bleeding we fought on until we found ourselves on the door step of Government House.

There stood Sir John Pope Henessy and next to him Ex-Presid Dr. Ulysses Grant, and on the other side in naval uniforms Their Royal Hignesses The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York, afterwards His Majesty King George the Fifth.

We stood to attention and the Governor presented us. Mr Grant shook hands with us and so did the Royal Dukes. But Sir John kind lo

will always live in my memory.

But Ulysses Grant a soldier,a General and a hero of the American Civil War,filled my boyish imagination. Visions of his campaigns in the Potomac. The gallant General ~~Leigh~~ Lee and Stonewal Jackson. Think how I treasured the books in four volumes on the American Civil Wars by Henderson sent to me by a military messenger by General Grant. From that moment I had made up my mind to be a sold -ier,and I devoted myself to the study of Adolfus Swedish Campaigns Napoleons,Marlborough's and Wellingtons . I became a vociferous read er,and the more I read the more was I ready to digest what I read!

Life,like a flower unfolded the petals of beauty before me and the more I contemplated on beauty,the less I thought of evil.

At night time I was on the Missippi going or floating wit the tide,and I began to distinguish between right and wrong,and then in my dreams I saw the torch of Truth and Freedom being born aloft by Abraham Lincoln. He smiled on me and said "Be ye not afraid,and ye shall receive the Crown of Life" Gradually my character was being ~~for~~ formed and I prayed "Lord give me strength"!

Very soon I was to leave my mother and my brothers and my one favourite younger sister Tshut Mui (The Seventh girl)

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Chapter II.

Ulysses Grant.

I had set to myself the first task of self examination. Was I glad to leave my mother and my sister, because I was leaving to better myself. Was I ashamed of my humble home and more humble origin!

Heart searching questions as I sat watching my mother knitting my warm jersey of fine wool. You will be cold when you land in London in April. You must take the greatest care of yourself.

There Tshut Mui was threading a watch chain for me of her own silken hair mingled with her tears, calling Lok Kwo (Sixth brothe

What could I do but to kiss them both, promising that I would return to look after them both.

My date of sailing arrived and in the afternoon amidst crackers and fireworks I boarded the S.S. Hydaspes of the P.&O Mail Boat. The launches followed me up to the Ly-EE -Moon Pass.

Little did I dream that I was not to behold my beautiful isle for fifty four years! I reached my cabin and there the flood g gate of tears burst and I lay on my bunk all night crying, as ~~the~~ every turn of the screw took me further and further from my dear ones, ~~every revolutio~~

Yes I know the hearts of gold of my mother and sister are there and nowhere shall I find their like.

"I wake up. Am I still beneath

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Chapter II.

Ulysses Grant.

"The spell of that eary tone,

"Whose music,like the spring's sweet breath,

"Hath made this fairy spot its own?

"The star shines through the open space,

"The moonlight quivers all around,

"And lays sweet hands of tender grace

"Upon this consecrated ground.

With these thoughts from that Scotch poet Alexander Anderson,I knelt down in my cabin and said my prayers to God, and slept the sea sleep of peace.

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Chapter III.

The Southern Seas.

First day at sea -the deep blue sea-the China sea. After a good breakfast of eggs and bacon. That is how you tell an Englishman from a Scot The former says eggs and bacon,the latter bacon and eggs. The Englishman says "ham and Eggs" the scot likewise. Who is more consistent? Yes replies the Englishman ,but it is not grammar! O Grammar what a lot you have to justify to Syntax.

I walked up the companion,which in nautical language means the connection between the Saloon and the main deck,and yet my girl sh ship mate who sat next to me at breakfast,insisted linking her arm in mine that the companion meant you must never be seen in the companion without a lady companion. I replied "O certainly". What a green horn I was! We found two deck chairs and sat down. She asked me "Boy what is your name? Mine is May. May Russik. I told her my name ~~Ta!Shan.~~

Walter Bosman

She said "Not a bad name,but ~~you will have to change it in Europe~~. I was indignant and shewed it. She said "You are quite good ~~le~~ looking when you dont frown". I wanted to say something,but it stuck ~~i~~ in my throat. I think she is beautiful,but she spoils it all by her rudeness. I always understood the most beautiful woman cannot afford ~~t~~ to ~~do it~~ be rude. Then I looked down. Heavens! what heavenly feet-~~fours~~ size threes. Then ~~h~~ her tiny hands gloved in gray swede,and her tailor made gown fitted ~~he~~ her like a glove.

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We are on the eve of approaching Singapore on the Equator. May was very excited and squeezed my hand. "What has gone wrong"said I.

Nothing!Nothing!Only I am going to meet my fiancee Walter Mac~~Ewan~~ Bean to morrow. I straightened up . I thought it wrong of her -an engaged woman to squeeze my hand. Then she said "~~I shall call you Walter.~~ Walter You see, you and I are of the same age,whereas Mr Mac~~Ewan~~ Bean is thirty five years older than I am and I never call him Walter,in fact when I kiss him it is just a peck,like the little bird. Why did you not meet me sooner,and we could have got married in HongKong.

Then she nestled her head against my shoulders,and all my resolutions flew to the wind. It was a Chinese scent on her hair, frangipani most intoxicating. I put my hand on her plaited pig tail. She foresaw my desire and unwound the plait . The mass of her hair fell below her waist down to the knee. I buried myself in her tresses and sobbed.

She cried also and we both found our lips so close that I forgot which was mine and which was hers. I cannot to this day, the time length of my first kiss,nor could I explain how two young people could hold their breath for so long!

I was thankful that the moon was half dipped in clouds and hid my blushes. I could only murmur "May Darling" and put my arm ~~re~~ round her waist.

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Chapter III.

The Southern Seas.

It was astonishing how time passesand I was always taught to respect Father Time and the Motto "Time lost can never be regained."

But some how when you have your arm round a girl's waist you forget all about Time and everything else. Lights out midnight and we bid each other"au revoir de main".

I lay in my bunk,and as the ship rolls I spoke "May" The next roll I said Darling and so alternately "May Darling "and Darling May,we rolled into the island Harbour of Singapore!

I woke up early,and hope I shall not come across Mr Walter MacBean,the red headed Scotsman.

"Man proposes but God disposes" There was a gentle tap at my cabin door. "Come in "said I and behold May in her radiant beaut introducing her fiancee Mr MacBean. Now it was difficult to describ ~~him~~ the lantern jaw fellow carrying the brand of Johnnie Walker ,proclaiming red danger signal from brow to chin.But the soul within was wreathed in a most kind, by smile,when he asked me to take care of ~~her~~ his lassie on the voyage. What could I do but acquiese in my most-a affable manner! At my table there was a Dutch passenger Schaffer. He was a devil on Schnaps and had one every half hour. He said he had no time for women. He told us he was engaged once to a most beautiful girl and he shewed her how to crack walnuts ~~an~~ by

by holding the nut in the palm of his hand, but she cracked them between her thumb and first finger. The engagement was broken!

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"What ~~will happen~~ next?"

Chapter III.

The Southern Seas.

The Strait of Malacca, with a following wind was certainly hot , so hot that even the smoke from the funnel went vertically up to heaven!

What a good idea to try my new briar pipe and verginian tob-bacco. Now nobody can say I do not look like a man. But graduaally i did not feel like a man. Something heaved from the pit of the stomach and I rushed to the side of the ship. In my imagination I saw a bat-tle royal amonst the fishes.! lay back in my deck chair still feel-ing squeamish and certainly looked green. Mr MacTravess the Chief Engineer passed by. He looked at me and said"I know how you feel because I went through the same experience. Take my tip, get a mug of hot water and put a spoonful of tobacco in it and drink the ~~jui~~ juice in the morning.- I did what I was told and put a tablespoonful of neat tobacco in it. As I woke I drank and knew no more.

For three days I lay between life and death, and when I opened my eyes I saw the Nurse and May standing by my side.

The nurse, who by the by came from Lewis on the Island of Stornoway, spoke in Broad Scotch. She said" Ah laddie it was a narrow squeak." and left me to my own sweet meditation. The Engin-eer said he meant a teaspoon but I took him to mean a tablespoon-ful.! But he was good to me and often had me in the engine room and entrusted me with an oil can.

Chapter III.

The Southern Seas.

How I loved to oil the heads of the pistons as they went up and ~~dpw~~ down the cylinder heads of the Triple Expansion Engines.

My frienship with May Russik ripened,until the chalk ~~cli~~ cliffs of Dover came in sight. The passengers from India were great -ly excited,but there was one swarthy lad about my age very quiet. He did not care for May but preferred my company. His name was Rudyard Kipling,the famous poet of the Empire and the author of Kim and Gungahdin!

May came up to me under the moonlight and said"Walter ~~len~~ lend me £25.I'll return it in a week from Wiesbaden!" What was I to do? How could I mistrust her. I had £30 my first quarterly allowanc So I parted from my five £5 notes and left myself a solitary fiver!

I never saw my money that I lent nor heard from May again. The hardships I suffered and the hunger I endured remains in my me -mory still!

"For this,it will ever stand

" Woman! Thy vows are traced in sand.!

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Chapter IV.

London.

As the ~~Arcona~~ Hydaspes stopped at Gravesend to take the pilot on board I was thrilled with amazement. First the bracing London fog, emitting a very pleasant smell of Thames Mud-a very peasnat -~~smell~~ smell because it was similar to the rotten eggs in China.

But the enchanting views of noble homesteads on the Northern bank in distinct contrast to the factories and forest of chim neys a ~~smking~~ smoking on the Surrey side. The constant stream of traffic intermingled with the choice Cockney dialect was like music in my ears. As we wended our way up the river with the tide, my mind turned to the rythym of Charles Dickens. What a marvellous depicter of the life in the London Slums!

I thought of poor Oliver Twistand of Mrs Thingummy and of the Parish Clerk Mr Bumble!.

Oliver came into the world just three and a half m minutes before his mother's death. The old nurse Mrs Tihngumm was a kindly soul,and in reply to the Surgeon,said"She was br brought here last night,by the overseer's order. She was foun lying in the street. She had walked some distance,for her sho were worn to pieces;but where she came from,or where she was going to nobody knows."

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London.

The surgeon leaned over the body and raised the left hand.

"The same old story.no wedding ring. Good night nurse."

Charles Dickens,apart from being a poetical genius in prose,was a master of facts. His power of observation was almost uncanny!."She had walked some distance,for her shoes we worn to pieces. " I can only speak of Sixty years ago. One hundred years have gne since Dickens wrote his novels!

"Has HUMANITY improved?"

"Yes,slowly but very slowly. More hospitals are st still needed,and we have not reached the stage of free medica treatment. The distinction between money and lack of money st still holds sway like a giant octopus gripping and stifling,t the cries of the distressed and the sick. With these sad thou the quay of the Albert East India Docks! I wanted to run ~~aso~~ ashore to kiss English soil for the first time!Whilst leaning over the rail,I saw a portly dignified man in blue uniform~~wi~~ with rows of medals and decorations on his chest. He stepped up the gangway and asked the quarter master "Is there a young gentleman Mr Walter Bosman on board this yere ship?"

I came forward and said"I am he". Whereupon he presented me w

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Chapter IV.

London.

a letter saying that he was to take me to a Rev. Mr Allen at 3 Holborn Viaduct. Meantime I was to address all my baggage to Carter and Patterson who will forward them to Biggleswade,Beds

I thought to myself Why was I not forwarded by pa -cel post duly labelled for Biggleswade Beds.

The Commissionaire guided me by the hand and we bo got into a bus at the Mile End Road.I was greatly impressed b by the magnificent dray horses,Bays,Chestnut,Browns And Jet Black like Glolite.

Issuing form the Mile End Road,we reached the bot neck,Liverpool Street,Moorgate Fenchurch and Gracechurch str Then the tall Monument! What historic names andepochs they conjured in my memory. Harrision Ainsworth Old Saint Paul an the Tower of London!Then we entered Lombard Street the banks and financial huses.Mansion House the Bank of England(the ol woman of Threadneedle street) and the Stock Exchange. It was all bewildring too much to take in within a narrow space.

We reached at last The Rev Allen's abode.Mounting a stingyflight of dark stairs,bare boards ,no carpets! The Commissionaire knocked,and entered and announced in great po

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Chapter IV.

London.

"Mr Walter Bosman frm China"and departed.

The Rev.Mr Allen M.A.curate of Saint Martin (in th Fields),was a bachelor by compulsion on a stipend of £75 p per annum. He greeted me warmly though I detected a weary expression. We sat down to brakfast.The room was lit by th gas stove. It served as a bed room sitting and living room He offered me a boiled egg,whilst he ate a piece of butter toast. After our frugal meal,he explained to me I had to t take a handsom cab to King's Cross and catch the IO.30 a.m train for Biggleswade.I had to pass thirteen tunnels and finally emerged on Hitchin Junction,then smooth going to Biggleswade! I arrived at King's Cross in ample time.

It was a very large station of many platforms with gua placed over each entrance. People rushed about,but all wel dressed and appeared happy. In those days there was nobody unemployed,neither was there a labour party nor Trade Unio -ism. What a difference thirty years afterwards!

With a jerk and a groan and belching of steam the ~~tr~~ train started and entered the first tunnel by Finsbury Par

When the train pulled up I looked for the name of th

Chapter IV.

London.

station. After several attempts,I asked an old gentleman, who was reading a newspaper,"Kindly tell me Sir,how many stations bear the name of Colman's Mustard?The old gentle !man glared at me and resumed his paper reading. I was afraid I offended him,so remained quiet,counting the number of tunnels.Every one I passed I put down one Bryant and May match. On arriving at Barnet,where by the by Bill Sykes and his dog Tozer came into the landscape.I looked at the matche some were on the floor and some on the seat. I jumped out. The guard shouted "Take your seats",and took me by the pants and shoved me into the guard's van. You very nearly got left behind young man" I was thankful to find myself in the guard van,though the seat was hard.As we passed Hatfield,the guard told me a lot about the Marquis of Salisbury and the great f family of Cecils. I was impressed by the landscape laced by such beautiful trees,the yews the ash and the elms were like domes rising to heaven,which was heavily charged with rain c rain clouds. Biggleswade! Biggleswade! I jumped out of the guard's van.There I beheld a dapper little ~~woman~~ old lady dressed in black lace frock and white lace cap. She was less

than 4ft 8inches in height and her crinoline was nearly a broad as she was tall!

"Heavens" said I to myself "have I arrived at N Noah's Ark?"I had no time to think because the lady rush at me with her umbrella,followed by the Station Master Mr Jones,and the old lady's niece,also quaintly capped and g gowned. The old lady said "Mr Jones,allow me to present t to you the first Queen Scholar,trained by my nephew Dr Ba Bateson Wright!

A growler was waiting outside and I was sandwi -wiched between the two ladies. We went along the Main St and in seven minutes pulled up before a villa "Boddington Lodge". In the hall the maid servant Polgers took off my coat and Alice hung it up! I was then presented to Aunt L Lizzie and Aunt Fanny. Aunt Mary Ann,the short lady put a camphor pill down my throat as a preventive against colds

Of these four maiden ladies and their accom -plishments and eccentricities I must now leave them.

My first night in England was spent mostly b by the window,looking up the bright stars,thinking of "Ho

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Chapter V.

Biggleswade.

Amongst towns great and small to wit,a workhouse and a we women's union! Little did I think that my first walk on a frosty morning was to carry a basket of dainties behind Aunt Mary Ann and Mary. On entring the Union I was again brought up and introduced as the great living marvel prod-duced by the greater Dr Bateson Wright. To-morrow said A Aunt Mary Ann I hope Mr Bosman will read to us some chapt-ters out of the Bible! I groaned and and said to myself "Like Pirrit Pip I am now adopted and henceforth brought up by hand,and hope for Great Expectations.

I began my day with French lessons from Mary. T Then morning prayer. I happened to look up and caught on of the servants a very pretty maid,making eyes at me.

Giving the Glad Eye came much later. I blushed crimso she smiled all over her face.

Then breakfast,and waited on by the pretty maid When she handed me my bacon,she managed to give my hand a gentle squeeze. Truth to say I liked it ,because of t the knowledge that we both liked it!

To return to the Union,the matron a stern and acid woman. Aunt Mary Ann said "Good morning Mrs Mason

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Chapter V.

Biggleswade.

"What a very pleasant morning. How is Mrs Larch this morni -ing. I have brought her some chicken jellies and half a -dozen new laid eggs."

Really Miss Wright you are too good" replied Mr Mason. "The poor dear is wasting away fast . The new laid eggs will help her to keep up her strength."

I thought to myself I wonder how many of those eggs will find their way into your stomach. In fact I whispered my fears to mary who squeezed my hand and laug -ingly said "You naughty boy"!

On returning,we passed the Stationer's shop. At the window was a portrait of Mr Gladstone in a gold frame. Aunt Mary Ann stopped and said to me "Walter thi is the finest Prime Minister we have ever had!"

I was of her ~~opion~~ opinion. We had a very nic lunch and Jessie waited on us. I was able to study her between the courses. She was tall 5ft 5inches,full bos -omed,auburn hair in great abundance and small feet en -closed in carpet slippers. She was dressed in apron a and cap. Her print frock was a bit on the tight side

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Chapter V.

Biggleswade.

~~there was a ting split at the breast revealing a tantalizing milk white skin!~~ As she stood with dishes of vegetables besi me, I was able to press her foot with mine and she smiled. It was a game of footchi footchi and it served our purpose to transmit our desires! At three o'clock I took Aunt Fanny for a walk. We passed the same shop, she stopped and said to me "Walter this man is a monster of evil and I am going to poke his eyes out with my umbrella. With great difficulty, I caug her hand and saved her the expense of a broken pane and mor than likely a village scandal. So in this family the Tory S Spirit died hard and there was a daily feud on politics. It became so hot that on the day Gordon was assassinated at Kh Khartoum I had to separate the two belligerent aunts.

The Evening as the sun sets and the birds seek their nests, appeal to me most because the whole world was i in repose. I was allowed to smoke in the garden and when ev everybody went to bed , smoking in the snow white kitchen wa permitted.

As I watched the smoke rings vanished, and oh so quiet, and I left the door slightly ajar, Jessie like a spirit-~~fle~~

floated in. She had a wollen loose dressing gown, open at the neck, over a stiff starched smock. ~~She put her finger on her~~ She put her finger on her lip to enjoin silence. ~~She led me by the hand and my heart w~~ talked + walked in the garden till ~~was thumping. We waked walked, or crept upstairs, passed my ro~~ the small hours of the night. ~~room and led me into hers! We sat on the bed my arm was roun~~ ~~her waist~~, We were both young and innocent ~~and my father alwa~~ ~~drummed into me "Have as much fun as you like, but stop at~~ ~~seduction~~". I imparted this command to Jessie and she nodded ~~and opened her arms and we kissed as lovers.~~ She ~~was a verit~~ ~~-able Venus and I lay my head on her breast and so we slept~~ ~~until cock crow. I owe a lot~~ to Jessie who kept me from all ~~temptations in London, as I was able to spend my week ends a~~ her pair of ~~Biggleswade.~~ I used to bring ~~up~~ a little trinket as a gold earrings. One night Jessie clung to my arm and said it was ~~h~~ her last good bye unless I will it otherwise. She said, Farm er Jenkins a well-to-do farmer young and lusty had asked he to be his wife. She had neither said Yea nor Nay. The tempta tion was great and to keep Jessie by my side until she beca -came an old maid. I thought of the Maiden Aunts. No I must sacrifice and I took Jessie in my arms and said "If you lov Jenkins you must marry him."

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Chapter V.

Biggleswade

Jessie said "My darling You have benn so sweet to me and preserved my maidenhood, though I gave myself and ever part of me to you. Now when I get married, you can come an see me and kiss me and that's all. as I intend to be fait ful to Jenkins the rest of my life. I followed Jessie's fortune, her first born was a baby girl and Aunt Mary Ann was the godmother, the next child was a boy and she named it Walter and I was the Godfather. She continued to be fruitful and when I last saw her, she shewed the middle spread and she no longer was attractive. Such was the na nature of man made of woman.

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ChapterVI.

Crystal Palace.

Easter term commenced at the School of Engineering and I was brought to the South Tower to be presented to the Principal and Vice Principal Mr Joseph William Wilson and likewise Junior.After a few days I was told that the Vice was known as Joe. Now Joe was a kind man, had a pair of piercing blue eyes and in a way was a genius.He composed a musical opera which he conducted at the Wandsworth Town Hall. His wife t took the part of Prima Donor!She had a lovely soprano voic of the richest quality.In appearance she looked a Spanish beauty. I was one of the honored guest to Joe's house at W Wandsworth Common called Heronmere!

As I came in contact with my fellow students,they took to me and I liked them. In fact some of them became my lifelong boon companions,until death doth us part!

In the middle of work,some one,generally Graham son of General Graham struck up,"he has got them on! Aint he do the 'eavy, He has got them on,!He is all there! I declare! Aint he got them on!The ladies they all stare! Now beware!

The last word was sung, with emphasis on the approach of the Vi Vice Principal. Then Sam Cooper came in with his hefty

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Chapter VI.

Crystal Palace.

Haw!Haw! Like all schools we have our Tuck Shops on Westow Hill,about two hundred yards from the Tower at Upper Norwood

One day James Stuart a tall herring gutted Scot threw out a challenge that he could eat more Westow Buns within half an hour! Everybody looked to Sam Cooper to contest . Posters were up "The great Eating Contest" and long before the time a close queue of people lined the pavement,because the shop was choka bloc. Mr Levine the proprietor was doing a roaring trade. Umpires were duly appointed and the great gong was sounded. Stuart laughed as he shook hands with Sam Cooper. They both started eating the dry bath buns,when the sixth was reached, Stuart started on a bottle of gingerbeer. Sam Cooper barely sipped the glass of water. At the eighth bun Stuart gasped for breath and put his head down. Sam Cooper went on unperturbed and when the Umpires announced "Only five more minutes,Stuart could not pass the sixth whilst Sam Cooper had eaten fourteen . Some one in the crowd shouted "Here Govnorthis eregent is a 'uman Boa Constictor.'e is!"

Sam Cooper was carried shoulder high down the Annerly Hill to the Tower for his prowess!

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Chapter VI.

Crystal Palace.

Whilst Mr Levine was popularising his shop ,Mr Moses oppo
-site had no trade. So the following morning he waited on
Mr Cooper and gave him free tickets and his four friends
for lunch. Sam put it to the vote and Graham sang "For he's
a jolly good fellow! for he's a jolly good fellow,which
nobody can deny.Hip Hip Hurrah Mr Sam Cooper.Mr Levine
had to look on an empty shop. The only exploit which
excited the whole neighbourhood and brought down the reporter
of the Sporting Times (The Pink'Un)
A certain Wheatley from Hull challenged any
one to eat him oranges within half an hour. A big tray
of Seville Oranges. Wheatley said I can always eat more
if I put sugar,it tastes better! Sam smiled and never said a word
the more acid the orange the better,for which purpose he
selected those with the green skin. Wheatley ate I8 oranges
whilst Sam Cooper reached his dozen,then Wheatley slowed
down and said My God I am going to bust. I must go somew
-where. The Umpires under the Queensberry Rules you are
disqualified,if you leave the room. Some one,it was James
Stuart ,said come on Wheatley you will ~~shew~~ learn them,which
(Wheatley's)
was his favourite expression. Sam Cooper ate thirty oranges
without turning a hair. The Cockney "Look ere Matey. The

ere Gentleman is a 'uman watertank.

What a treasure to 'ave him crossing the Sahara!!

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Chapter VI.

Crystal Palace.

I boarded at a Dame School at Sydenham, kept by a Mrs Cutolo.

Mrs Cutolo was a woman about thirtyish, rather good looking. Ginger hair but a very large mouth. The School had about thirty boys. It was painfully slow, as I had no one of my own age to associate with. So without any consultation with the Aunts, I shifted to a young Dr Bernard Scott of Annerley

He was the son of the Rev Scott, the Vicar of Holy Trinity. Mr Gale was the curate and we had once a week penny reading. Now Dr Bernard married a nurse, a woman of poor education and I was often the unwilling witness of lovers' quarrels. In one of the penny readings the whole Parish was scandalized, because some one sang a music hall song. It was something like this "Take my advice, if you dont, you ought to, if you neglect, you will regret it by and by.

Always lie in the middle of the bed, if you dont, you ought to, you might tumble out and break your head, Ah Ah! take my advice, if you dont you ought to!

If you booze, sense you lose, your teeth will drop out some day. Ah! Ah! take my advice, if you dont you ought to

Ah! Ah! Take my advice if you dont you ought to.

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Chapter VI.

Crystal Palace.

You married men,love your wives,if you dont you ought to. Dont tumble her about,she will disappear one day,Ah-Ah! take my advice,if you dont you ought to!

There was a thunder of applause and I thought it exce exceedingly funny.For an encore,the performer came in with an umbrella,and he sang"It was August in September,the old folks went to bed,they went to bed ,they all went to bed and we all went to bed!He opened his umbrella and bowed gracefully to the audience. The old maids protested to the Vicar and threatened they would leave the Church. They were people of affluence,so the Vicar smoothed them down and gave the comic singer a choking off. The Rev Scott had a family of six daughters and four sons to educate and he poor man had no private means!

He was ~~not~~ hardly to blame.

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Chapter VII.

Fags and Bullies

Terrible stories are told in my time that bullies scared the new comers to death. I took in the situation very carefully and without a word to a soul, I went to the Gynas-ium and learned the art of scientific boxing from a Mr Rainer, a retired Sergeant Major of the Royal Dragoons. I paid him half a crown an hour. In three weeks I became efficent, and it was from Rainer that I learned the foot work, which has been most useful to me in after life.

As the sun set over Annerley, we students gathered round the lavatory to clean ourselves, Stapp and two others of the senior Course in front of the lavatory basins. Stapp nodded and said "How dye do Watty"

" Fairly "I replied, why do you take up all the room, and I jostled him aside; he immediately pushed me hard and I slapped him in the face. The elder boys held him back, or the fight would have taken place there and then. "will you fight "he barked at me, and I replied "With great pleasure you Bully". It was arranged that the fight should take plac the following afternoon Wednesday, being a half holid the cricket ground. That Evening Rainer ca

he could report to the Vice Principal and stop the fight.

I smiled shaking my head.

Next day the ring was made at the top of the playing field behind the statue of Venus. All the Senior Students were there and stood solidly behind Stapp, but Rainer was strolling about and I felt grateful to him.

At first the fight was like a boxing match. Stapp shot his left hand, and my head slipped it, and I countered with my right in his face; a moment later he rushed at me, but I ducked and sidestepped and hit him hard on the chin. I could feel the astonishment of the school in the dead silence.

Rainer smiled as much to say that it was the right way. And indeed it was the way except one round, when Stapp caught me with a right swing under my left ear.

"You got that Watty"

Yes"I replied,"but I will beat you back and blue for it"and the fight proceeded. I had made up my mind lying on the ground to strike only at his face. He was short and strong and my body blows did'nt seem to make any impression on him, but if I could blacken his face, all the

know what had happened.

Again and again Stapp swung,first with his right hand then with his left,hoping to knock me down again,but my training had been too varied and complete and the knock down blow had taught me the neceesary caution;I ducked his ~~swi~~ swings or side stepped them and hit him right and left in the ~~f~~ face till suddenly his nose began to bleed.Rainer cried out be hind me "That's the way,keep on peppering him."

As I turned I found the fags ,former chums of mine, particularly the one nicknamed "Chicken",shouted "Give it him hard",I then realised for the first time that I had only to ~~ke~~ keep on and be careful and the victory would be mine.

A cold hard exultation took the place of nervous excit -ment in me,and when I struck ,I tried to cut with my knuckles as Rianer had ~~shewn~~ taught me.

The bleeding of Jones nose took some time to stop,and as soon as he came in the middle of the ring,I started again ~~w~~ with the right hander. After this round,his seconds and backer kept him so long in his corner that at length I went over and sai to him"Either fight or give in.I am catching cold"

He came out at once and rushed

his face was all one bruise and his left eye nearly closed.

Every chance I had I struckat the right eye till it was even in a worse case.

It is strange that I never once felt pity fo him and offered to stop;the truth is that he had bullied me so relentlessly and continually;had wounded my pride so often in public that even at the end, I was filled with cold rage against him. I noticed everything;I saw a couple of the Seni ors went away to the Tower and returned with the Junior Master Alfred Torode. As they came round the Statue,Stapp came out into the ring,he struck savagely right and left as I came with -in striking distance,but I slipped in outside his weaker left and hit him as hard as I could,first right,then left on th chin and down he went on his back. At once there was a shout of applause,and Torode came up to the ring and said "This fig -ght must stop,since Stapp is unable to continue. My reputati -ion rose and Stapp after six weeks in bed never appeared at the School again. We had peace which we badly needed. It just shewed how one boy,could wrought such havoc amidst so many

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Chapter VII.

Fags and Bullies.

The inmates of a school are thrown together far more than in any boarding house or hotel. It is every day in the pow er of a bully to inflict innumerable annoyances. It is e very day in the power of an amiable person to confer lit tle services

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Chapter VIII.

Christmas.

Chicken,my best school pal,invited me for Christmas.He liv
ed at Willesden on an estate of 650 acres.At the station
I was met by the footman who took my luggage and conducted
me to the carriage,drawn by two lovely bay horses-real
high steppers. The air was crisp and I was full of admira-
-tion watching the horses sppeeding through the heavy snow

We passed through the park gate of Round Wood,a
quater of a mile of avenue,heavily wooded,until we drew u
up in front of the house . There I was met by Chicken and
his brother Bladen from Cambridge.The maid took my luggag
and I was duly taken up to the long room and presented to
Mrs Fernley,and the two Miss Fernleys. My heart warmed to
them! Such kindly people,and even now after 55 ye ars ,I
could not helping shedding tears at the fate of these goo
people!"Mother" cried a young voice,"I am going to the st
staton to meet father" Agnes said Mrs Fernley come up and
say "How d8ye do" to Boy's school friend Walter."

I shook hands with Agnes and was agreeably surprised wi
with her beautiful golden eyes and golden brown hair. Evi
-dently ~~h~~ she was the pet of the family. Now boys just go
round the garden and look up Morris, who was the gardene
as his father was before him. Morris was a cheerful soul
as he bid us to the green house and cut off a bunch of
luscious grapes to each of us. And we sat down on the wood
-en benches and enjoyed the fruit. Then there were the t
tomatoes and peaches. "Master George" said he "Next sum
-mer when you go to Longstone, you must go to Chatsworth
and inspect the mile and a half of green houses . You
know your mother was a Miss Green a first cousin of th
Cavendish." At the sound of approaching wheels , we ran
down the drive, and beheld a portly gentleman about six
ty years of age smoking a big fat cigar, beaming with s
smiles. We went into the house and luncheon was announ
-ced. I was placed between Mrs Fernley and Joan . I had

so much to see and admire, to say nothing of the delicious ~~lun~~ mock turtle soup and mutton chops grilled to a turn. Then the room was divided into nooks and bays decorated with the most exquisite marble statuary! Beyond the bay mullioned windows were the lawns and elms all dripped ~~with~~ in snow. I never thought that this earth could be so beautiful, surely it was a replica of heaven. After lunch we all put on our skates. What a fortun ate thing that I learned how to skate on rollers. The steel s skates were on the same principle, pressing outwards and stoop -ing forwards. Agnes came to my assistance and we both skated along as fast as we could. What exhilaration. It was good to be alive. The sun like a small red disc sank in the weste -ern sky and we were obliged to turn towards home to dress f for dinner! What a merry party for Christmas eve and outsid the carol singers in the still evening air sang soft and low

"Whilst shepherds watched their flock at nght

What Next?

Chapter VIII.

Christmas

The Angels of the Lord came down

"And Glory shone around!"

Those are the village weights,"said George,"let us go down,wish them a jolly good Christmas,and take them to Mrs Wilkins. I accompanied them to the kitchen,which was in the basement,but what a size,a huge stove right in the centre. On the table was a spread of meats,pasties sweetme meats as you ever wished to see. There were seated Mrs Wil-kins friends and sisters and there were two Policemen,suit-ors to the housemaids,"May be you'd try some of my mince~~pi~~-pies and wash it down with home made Gingerwine" Ay Ay" sa said an old man Ah cum frem Longstone,famous fr Gingerwin Ah tell ye there aint no better than Mrs Wilkins. "It seem-ed long agone Ah saw her mother in this yere room a teach-ing the lass to make them cakies and brew the ginger win. Your name was Appleby until farmer Wilkins came along.I "It must hav been five and thirty years,if it were a day"

Yes" said Mrs Wilkin,Mr Ropkiss,and under the mis seltoe,the old man was drawn and soundly kissed. So the fun started,and we boys retired for the night.

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Chapter-~~XI~~ IX.

London the Beautiful!

As Mr Fernley is intimately connected with the title of this C Chapter, I plead guilty and challenge contradiction. I can hear the critics "Pa Gay Paris, beautiful Vienna and Smoky London! Why connect London with everything that's dirty. London both o ancient and modern was planned by men of far sight. Sir Christ opher Wren and Inigo Jones. What parks and what gardens for lung spaces, what Churches and Cathedrals and finally the Houses of Parliament and the history it tells. Then the Tower of London and the Bridges spanned across father Thames. Mr Fernley was t the man who built the Thames Embankment with Joseph Balzagett. Balzegett was knighted and Fernley made his pile. Far seeing ma he bought the estate of Round Wood from Lord Robert Cecil. The building was of Elizabethan architure, and in the spacious draw ing room, the oak pannels contained the coat of arms of all t the Cecils from the first Marquis of Salisbury that tried ~~the~~ Joan of Arc at Rouen!. There was always something solemn in th room. Mrs Fernley was proud of the room, but her husband was mo re plebian. He was a great Engineering contractor, whilst some o of his contemporaries went in for railways, he specialised in harbour construction. his tender to the Italian Government for

constructing the harbour of Palermo (belta tragiata.) for~~£5,0~~

£5,000,000 was accepted.

~~Three~~

Three carriages were inspanned to take the family to Church. We drove along the London road,which was lined by ~~11~~ lime trees and fields of oats and werzls for five miles, We entered Nottinghill gate. Church bells clashed their chimes in the icy air and we halted at the White Church!

The preacher was the Rev Spurgeon. He mostly held service at the London Tabernacle. We were told that he was asked to pre-ach against the fashion of very small hats worn by the ladi-ies;so he began after a good look round,"The subject of my sermon was unnecessary,since I saw no ladies' hats in the ~~Ch~~-Church! He was once preaching against Dean Swift high church-doctrine and he said that the Dean's doctrine would certain-ly burn brightly in hell,where he was to go! Yes" replied th Dean,better to burn than To smother the fire by Mr Spurgeon's dry metodism! After all,money comes in,without a good preach-er,collections go down! On our way home we found our Christ-mas dinners and presents waiting for us. I still wear the cu cuff links bearing the Cavendish Arms and I shall treasure th

them as long as I live! The following Sunday,we went to Harles den Church,where Mr Gladstone,the Prime Mininster of England read the lessons. Af ter the service,to my surprise Mr and Mrs Gladstone drove home with us. I was so bewildered that,I simpl stared,particularly when I was presented to him and his most charming wife. I thought of his speech at the Mid Lothian Campaign,when he referred to her as"his better half"

Then I said to myself,"Beware of idolatory". Take a man as an example but never idolise. Remember Abraham Lincoln how he laid down his life to uphold the principle that all men were born free and equal and with equal opportunities!Then my mind went to the field of Flanders,to Sir Philip Sydney,when he re turned the water bottle of the gallant wounded soldier,and sai as his last word"Friend thy need was greater than mine and wit he died! I wish we had the name of the soldier,who was equally as great as Sir Phillip Sydney!Time marches on! So we must hast -en to say good bye to London and find orselves in Devon O! Glo -ious Devon!